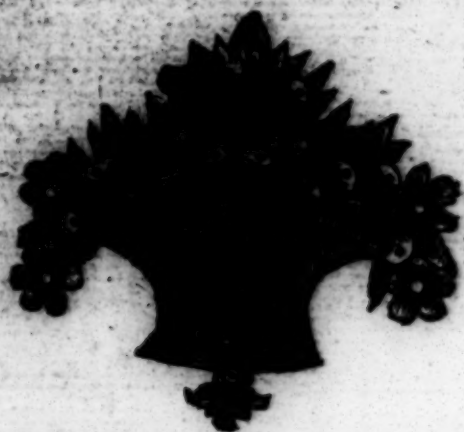


A NEW
COLLECTION

Of *Miscellany*

POEMS,

For the Year 1715.



L O N D O N,

Printed for G. Davis, and Sold by E. Lewis, in *Flower-de-luce Court*, near *Fetter-Lane*, *Fleet-Street*.

Harding C 188





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A

PASTORAL.

CORRYDON *and* THYRSIS.

THYRSIS.



WHY underneath this spreading
(Poplars's Shade,

Young Corrydon, art thou so pen-
(sive laid?

Why should that Gloom thy Countenance o'er-
(spread,

And pallid Sadness chase thy wonted Red?

What pining Grief thus preys upon thy Brest,

And with what ling'ring Wo art thou oppress?

Say drooping Swain, thy Faithful *Thyrsis* tell,

Reveal what racking Cares thy Bosom swell.

C O R-

C O R R Y D O N.

Ah well-a-day ! kind Shepherd, oh! forbear,
 Nor urge the Melancholy Tale to hear ;
 Go, gentle *Thyrsis*, grace the Flowry Green,
 Cheerful amongst the Jolly Swains be seen;
 Let me alone to Sigh and Languish hear,
 And press me not to tell my racking Care.

T H Y R S I S.

Arcadian Swains shall hate their tender Flocks;
 Delicious Plains shall smile on barren Rocks;
 My browzing Kids blue *Mallows* shall refuse,
 And Sheep shall loath the dulcid Morning Dews;
 Fierce *Lybian* Tygers timorous Fawns shall fear,
 And bleating Ews their milky Lambkins tear;
 Nature's fix'd Course shall fail, if e'er I go,
 Till I have heard the Cause of all thy Wo.
 Begin, sweet *Corrydon*, thy Mournful Lay;
 Nor shall I think it long all Night to stay.

C O R R Y D O N.

Alas! e're while how Brisk was I, and gay,
When ruddy Health my Visage did display
Then to my Oaten Reed I tun'd my Song,
And won Applause from ev'ry Shepherds
(Tongue;
Then all my Sheep (now ragged) throve amain,
Unhappy Flocks, they mourn their Master's Pain;
Not driv'n a-field by Morn', whilst here I lye,
Nor pent in Fold by Night, they all will Dye.
Unhappy Flock of a more luckless Swain,
While he to Streams and Fountains doth complain,
Nor heeds his rural Task, Who worsh the Days,
When first he did on Fair *Philesia* gaze:
For him his Flock, he for *Philesia* dies;
Oh! wide Destruction of her Potent Eyes.
On yon fair Ash I carv'd her charming Name,
And in yon Wood, all Night I sang my Flame;
The live-long Night I sang, and with my Song
Yon neighb'ring Rocks and gloomy Copses rung:
Th.

The warbling Nightingale ceas'd to complain,
And listen'd to my more Lamenting Strain.

The prowling Wolves would their shrill Barking
(cease,

And let the Waning Moon descend in Peace.

O Nymph! O Goddess! Save a dying Swain,
Nor let me perish by thy cold Disdain.

Tho' thou, my Love, art Fair as *Scythian* Snow,

And both thy Cheeks with *Tyrian* Crimson glow;

Pleasant and Sweet as the soft *Western* Wind;

Or *Jessamin* with blushing *Roses* join'd:

Yet scorn me not, nor aggravate my Pain;

Altho' I be an humble Shepherd Swain.

The Time would fail, should I essay to tell

The Gods and Heroes, who have deign'd to
(dwell

In Times of Old on Bless'd *Arcadian* Plains,

And on their Reeds have tun'd Immortal Strains:

I too can trill a no Untuneful Lay,

If all be true which pleasant Shepherds say:

And why should harmless Shepherds flatter me,
 Who also Simple, Plain, and Guiltless be?
 Unfold, in Song, great Nature's Laws I can,
 Or Mighty *Jove*, or Universal *Pan*;
 Can raise aloft, in no unworthy Verse,
 And their high Praise in swelling Notes re-
 (hearse.

But oh! if thou a Rural Life wilt brook,
 And in thy Hand wilt grasp a Pastoral Crook;
 I have a Harp, on which I'll fix new Strings,
 And play to thee Ten thousand softer Things:
 With *Myrtle* Wreaths I'll crown thy lucid
 (Brows,
 And raise thy Fame next *Jove's* Imperial Spouse;
 Thy shining Form I'll tell to ev'ry Grove,
 And Vocal Woods shall praise my beauteous
 (Love,
 Nor shall my constant Heart (for ever) from
 (thee rove.)

T H T R S I S.

O Wond'rous Youth! O Tuneful Shepherd
(Swain!

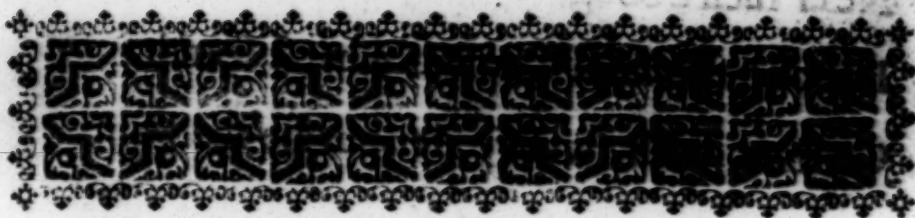
Would I could praise thee in an equal Strain ;
 Not half so sweet the Artful *Mopsus* plays,
 Tho' while he sings, our Flocks forget to graze :
 But now you've ceas'd the melting Lay to sound,
 Let us arise, and quit the dampy Ground.
 Lo, *Phæbes's* Silver Carr is wheel'd on high,
 And thro' the Air unwholsome Vapours fly :
 With me, dear *Corrydon*, till Morn' retreat,
 Tho' mean my Hut, yet it is Snug and Sweet.
 I have a Beechen Bowl will chear your Heart,
 To see the Niceness of its Carver's Art ;
 'Twas fam'd *Menelaus's* Work, he gave it me,
 And for thy charming Song I'll give it thee ;
 Nor empty that, but crown'd with dulcid Cream
 Delicious as the Nymph, you made your Theam.

Ne'er

Ne'er such a Soug, or such a Swain was hear'd ;
But oh! the fatal Cause is what I fear'd.
Go then, with swasive Art pursue the Fair,
And do not pine, sweet Youth, nor basely fear ;
Let her but hear thy Notes, Oh ! *Corrydon*,
And you'll revenge the Harms her Eyes have done;
Soft thrilling Love shall in her Bosom glow,
And her proud flinty Heart relenting grow ;
For oh! what Nymph can slight an Artful
(Youth,
Whose Soul's so full of Tenderness and Truth ?



Amin-



Aminas.

I.



MINTAS led me to a Grove,
 Where all the Trees did shade
 (us;
 The Sun it self, tho' it had strove,
 It could not have betray'd us:
 The Place secur'd from Humane Eyes,
 No other Fears allows;
 But when the Wind doth gently rise
 To kiss the yielding Boughs.

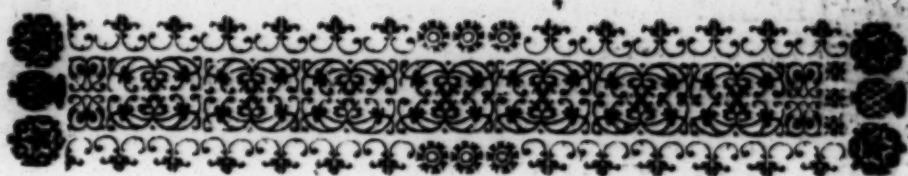
II.

Down there we sat upon the Moss,
 And did begin to play

A Thousand wanton Tricks, to pass
 The Heat of all the Day :
 And many Kisses he did give,
 And I return'd the same ;
 Which made me willing to receive
 The Thing I dare not name.

III.

His Charming Eyes no Aid requir'd
 To tell their Am'rous Tale ;
 On her that was already fir'd,
 'Twas easy to prevail :
 He did but kiss, and clasp me round,
 Whilst those his Thoughts express'd,
 And laid me gently on the Ground,
 Oh! Who can guess the rest ?



A

PROLOGUE,

Spoke by Mr. Rich, at the Opening the New-Playhouse.

BE HOLD a Stranger to the *British*
 (Stage,
 Who dares but humbly wish to please
 (this Age :

'Twixt Hope and Fear, two diff'rent Passions, tost ;

But Fear, in more prevailing Hope, is lost.

Tho' I despair of your deserv'd Applause,

Yet I will plead in such an honest Cause :

No longer let One House those Bounties boast,

Whose Streams suffice t'enrich th' adjacent Coast :

Be

Be like your native *Thames*, whose Generous Tide
Flows equal, unconfin'd to either Side :

So shall we strive each other to outshine,

As neighb'ring Taverns vie in noblest Wine.

When but One House a Poet's Muse invites,

He lolls at Ease, and indolently writes.

But when a Rival dare his Laurels claim,

Stretching, he soars, and burns, and pants for
(Fame,

'Tis Emulation teaches to act well,

Excelling others, we our selves excell.

Athens was great, till *Thebes* receiv'd its Doom,

And Conquer'd *Carthage* ruin'd Conqu'ring *Rome*:

Ladies ! to you I bow, and hope to find

Your Gentle Sex to Softness still inclin'd :

There's no Improvement shall be wanting here

To please the Sight, or sooth the list'ing Ear:

New Songs and Dances sweetly shall conspire

To warm the dullest Breast with gay Desire.

But

But oh, my poor Father! —alas! he dy'd
E're he beheld this House in finish'd Pride,
He rais'd the stately Pile by slow Degrees;
Big with the Hopes, a Courteous Town to please.
Let gen'rous Pity move the Brave and Fair
To take his poor Remains into your Care.
Who dies in Love a Martyr, Pity draws;
From all then let him share the same Applause,
Who dy'd a Martyr for this good *Old-Cause*:
Still let true noble Gratitude be shown,
And for the Father's sake support the Son.






An Anacreontic

T O

C U P I D.

 Nough, Great Love, thy pointed
(Dart
Has thoroughly transfix'd my
(Heart:

If the Intenfeness of our Love,
Proportion'd to the Wound doth prove;
A deeper Wound you never gave,
Nor ever made a furer Slave.

Lo then! thy Power I now confefs,
And, which is more, thy Power blefs;
Nor ask I that you'd fet me free
From this my sweet Captivity:

C

Restore

Restore my Heart, or cure my Pain,
Or rid me from my Happy Chain,
And so dissolves *Phileas's* Reign.
No, I my Liberty resign,
And only this Petition's mine,
And this Request I needs must move,
Give me the Nymph you've made me love:
O! give her to my Arms, kind Boy,
Let none thy Beauteous Maid enjoy,
That love her less than I, who bow
Before thy Sacred Altar now.
Oh! hear my Vows, respect my Prayers,
With Favour view my flowing Tears;
Don't cure my Love, but kill my Fears.
My ardent Tears full well she merits,
Who all thy Mother's Charms inherits;
Not she her self's more Fair or Gay,
When cloath'd in Purple, rich Array:

Graceful she mounts her Iv'ry Car,
Resplendent, glittering from a-far,
And from High Heaven, to *Cyprian* Dooms,
Riding in pompous Triumph comes:
Not she, with her attending Loves,
Thus drawn by Silver Swains and Doves;
Not she more Lovely, and more Fair
Than Bright *Philesia* doth appear.
O! then to me this Virgin give,
And from Despair thy Priest reprieve:
O fix an Arrow in her Breast,
To make her love, and make me blest;
And I no mean Returns intend
To pay to thee, my little Friend.
From thee I will revolt no more,
Nor turn Blasphemer, as before,
Faithful, and to thy Interest ty'd,
I'll spread thy Empire far and wide;

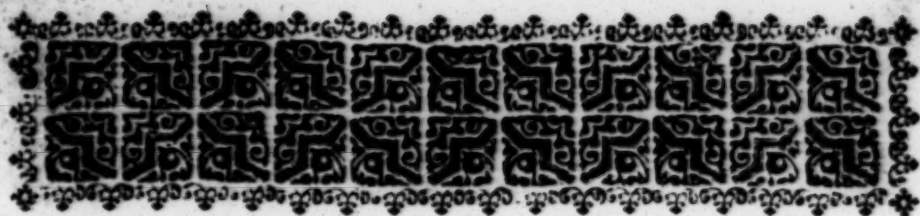
My

An Anacreontic to Cupid.

My Numbers shall support thy Throne,
And force thy Foes thy Power to own.
My Verse shall, like thy Darts, inspire
Melting Thoughts and warm Desire,
Silent Transports, rapturous Love,
All that Youths and Virgins prove,
When within their scorching Marrow
Thou hast fix'd thy flaming Arrow.



Cybe=

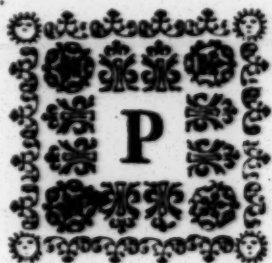


Cybele's Image;

OR THE

CHAST VIRGIN.

From Ovid's Fasti.



PARENT of Gods, began the
(weeping Fair,

Reward or Punish; but, oh!
(hear my Prayer;

If Ludeness e'er defil'd my Virgin Bloom,
From Heaven, with Justice, I receive my Doom;
But if my Honour yet has known no Stain,
Thou Goddess, thou my Innocence maintain.
Thou, whom the Nicest Rules of Goodness sway'd,
Vouchsafe to follow an Unblemish'd Maid.

She

She spoke, and touch'd the Cord with glad Sur-
(prize;

The Youth was Witness'd by Ten thousand
(Eyes;

The Pitying Goddess easily comply'd,

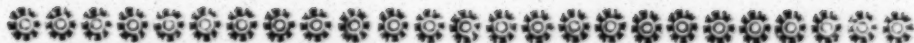
Follow'd in Triumph, and adorn'd her Guide,

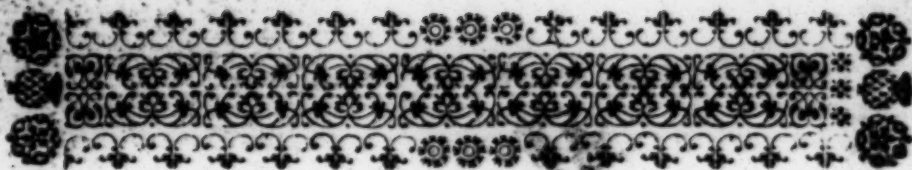
While *Claudia* blushing, still for past Disgrace,

March'd silent on with a slow solemn Pace.

Nor yet from some was all Distrust remov'd,

Tho' Heaven such Vertue by such Wonders
(prov'd.

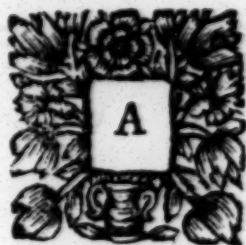




A

S O N G.

I.



S Chloris, full of harmless Thought,

Beneath the Willow lay;

Kind Love a Youthful Shepherd
(brought

To pass the Time away.

She blush'd to be encounter'd so,

And chid the am'rous Swain ;

But as she strove to rise and go,

He pull'd her down again.

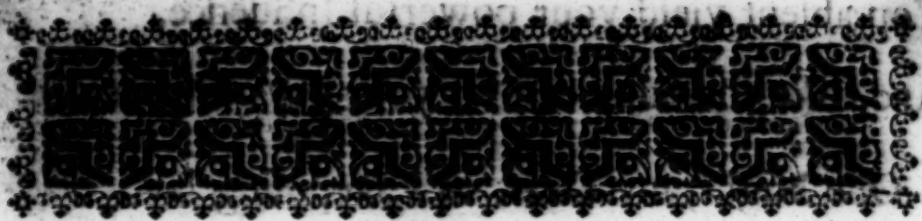
II.

II.

A sudden Passion seiz'd her Heart,
In spight of her Disdain;
She found a Pulse in ev'ry Part,
And Love in every Vein;
Ah Youth! said she, what Charms are these,
That Conquer and Surprise;
Ah! let me, for unless you please
I have no Power to rise.

III.

She faintly spoke, and trembling lay,
For fear he should comply;
Her Lovely Eyes, her Heart betray,
And give her Tongue the Lie:
Thus she, who Princes had deny'd
With all their Pomp and Train,
Was in the lucky Minute try'd,
And yielded to the Swain.



T H E
D R E A M.



Y dearest *Chloe*, in these Lines you'll
(find

Th' excessive Passions of your Lo-
(vers Mind ;

Where e'er he is, his Thoughts run still on you,
By Day and Night you're always in his View :
Whilst he's awake, you are alone his Theam,
And when asleep, the Object of his Dream.

I, lovely *Chloe*, am about to write
The pleasing Vision of the other Night,
Which shews, my Dear, how you my Thoughts
(employ,
And tho' not present, yet can give me Joy ;
D You

You absent yield your powerful Influence,
And, like the Sun, can far your Joys dispence.

One Night, my Dear, as I Reposing lay,
Methought your *Strephen* did himself convey
To *Chloe's* Room, and found the Charming
(Maid
Supinely lying on a Downy Bed:

Methought, my Dear, I soon the Cloaths re-
(mov'd,

Expos'd the Charms of her I dearly lov'd ;
Methought I view'd my *Chloe's* Milky Breast,
And Felt and Saw what must not be express'd.
Methought I took you in my trembling Arms,
Struck dumb with Wonder by your pow'rful
(Charms ;

But when recover'd, I my Weapon drew
In my Defence, and aim'd at wounding you.

Methought, my Dear, my Cannon's Mouth did
(reach

Against the Place where it should make the
(Breach ;

But








But oh! my *Chloe*, I was much to blame,
I fir'd my Piece before I took my Aim,
I spent my Ammunition all in vain:
I vex'd, methought, that I had miss'd my Prize,
Then, in the Street, I heard a sudden Noise
Which me awak'd, and to my great Surprise,
I found the Charge discharg'd upon my Th--ghs.



POOR



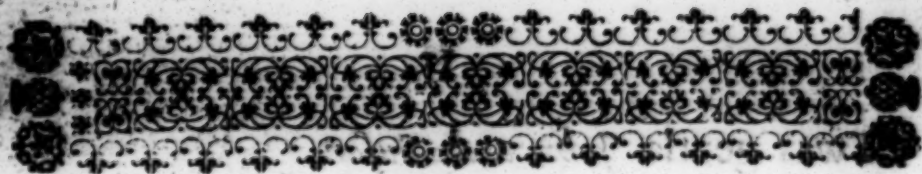
POOR Womankind.

 E A V E N, for our Ruin, Gifts on us
 H  (bestows,
  Charms to Allure, no Power to Op-
  (pose:

In Passion we are strong, in Reason weak,
 Constant alone to Error and Mistake:
 In Virtue feign'd, in Vanity sincere;
 Witty in Sin, and for Damnation fair.



T H E






THE
Welch Saint;

OR,

A full and true Account of Burning the
the Defiled Bed, at Sir *Anthony Crab-*
Tree's House, in *Herefordshire*.

To the Tune of *When first I laid Siege to my Cloris*.

I.

 L L in the Land of Cyder,
 A At a Place call'd *Brampton-Brian*,
 S Such a Trick was plaid
'Twixt a Man and a Maid,
As all the Saints cry'd fie on.

II.

II.

'Twas gentle *John* and *Susan*
Were at their Recreation ;
Which all must grant,
If not in a Saint,
Was perfect Fornication,

III.

Both Evening, Noon and Morning,
Brisk *John* was at her Crupper ;
And got in her Geers,
Five Times before Pray'rs,
And Six Times after Supper.

IV.

John was both Brisk and Airy,
And *Susan* lov'd Fruition ;
Which brought the poor Youth
To tell you the Truth,
Full oft to Repetition.

V.

John being well provided,
In fine did so folace her;
That *Susan's* Wast
So loofely lac'd,
Shew'd Sign of Babe of Grace, Sir.

VI.

But when the Knight perceived
That *Susan* had been finning;
And that this Lafs
For want of Grace,
Lov'd Sporting more than Spinning:

VII.

To purge his House from Scandal
Of filthy Fornication;
And of such Crimes
To shew the Times
His utter Detestation:

VIII.

VIII.

Took Bed, and Rug and Bolster,
 With Blankets, Sheets, and Pillows;
 And Johnny's Frock,
 And Susan's Smock,
 And burnt them in the Kill-house.

IX.

With ev'ry vile Utensil,
 On which they had been wicked;
 As Chairs and Stools,
 Old Trunks, Close-Stools,
 And eke the three-legg'd Cricket.



X.

But had each Thing defiled
 Been burnt in *Brampton-Brian*,
 We all must grant
 The Knight would want
 Himself a Bed to lie on.

Palmyra, &c.

To the AUTHOR,
On His POEMS, call'd
PALMYRA

Immortal Waller sung, in Godlike Strains,
Bright Sacharissa, reigning on the Plains,
And firing with her Charms th' admiring Swains.
The Nymph is gone, yet does her Fame survive,
And in his Verse she will for ever live:
This mighty Favour Poets only have,
To rescue fading Beauty from the Grave.
Palmyra now, in your Harmonious Lines,
Rises, and with an equal Lustre shines;
Her Beauties, drawn by your ingenious Pen,
Claim Veneration, tho' they are unseen;
So soft your Numbers, and such Force they bear,
She can't more charm the Eye than they the Ear.
Go on then, Generous Youth, and with Delight,
Pursue those Paths to which the Muse invites;
For whilst you celebrate Palmyra's Name,
Your Lays will raise to you Immortal Fame.

W.F.



THE Introduction.

A I D me, ye Gods, who for Assistance sue,
That I may give *Palmyra* what's her Due;
Cou'd I but one of her bright Charms relate,
'Twou'd give my Verse an everlasting Date,
To future Ages I'd record her Fame,
And raise my self a Monumental Name.

Tho' greedy Death, who no Mankind will spare,
Shou'd envy me, and rob me of my Fair.

R

He

He shou'd not make her beauteous Charms his
Prize.

They, in my Measure, I'll immortalize:

My Lines shall make 'em last as long as Time,

And they as long perpetuate my Rhime.

COMPLAINT

AGAINST

TIME.

WHY envious Time will you now fly so fast,
When I'm from her you never make
such Haste;

When I'm with her, then Hours but Minutes are;

But when from her, then ev'ry Hour's a Year:

You have no Rule, you never equal go,

But always are too fast or else too slow.

COMPLAINING
OF
ABSENCE.

BY Heavens! I think there are some Ages
past,

Since I beheld my dear *Palmyra* last.

This Absence gives more Pain than I can bear,
I'm kept from Ease whilst I am kept from her;
I'm drove from Paradise when from my Dear,
For where she is, my Paradise is there;
She's my Life, my Soul, and all I have
Is at her Mercy; she may kill or save;
She is all I wish for, all I do desire,
Possess of her, I nothing else require;

c

B

Possessing

Possessing her, I shall be richer far
Than all the Monarchs of the *Indies* are.
Where 'ere she goes her beaut'ous Form's admir'd,
And each Beholder with Amazement's fir'd.
Then, how can I this tedious Absence bear,
Which me deprives of all that's lovely here?

The Vulgar say, 'tis not a Week since I
Beheld the charming Object of my Joy;
But sure 'tis more, I know not how they Count,
In mine it does to many Years amount.

A N
E P I S T L E
T O
P A L M Y R A.

S Ince close Confinement me detains at Home,
Accept of this, *Palmyra*, till I come.
Let this your absent Lover's Place supply,
And when you read it, think how griev'd am I.
Think, Charmer, think, with what regret I bear
This tedious Absence from my dearest Dear.
'Tis next to Death to be from you remov'd,
My only Blessing, and the best belov'd,
Some Nymphs, who are but moderately Fair,
Delight to wreck their Lovers with Despair.

But my *Palmyra* does Compassion shew,
She is the fairest, and the kindest too.
By her kind Influence alone I live,
It is from her that I my Life receive.

Shou'd envious Death his boundless Malice
shew,
And take my Dear for ever from my View;
By Heavens! I swear, I'd not an Hour survive,
'Twould be the worst of Miseries to live.
At once I'd all my earthly Cares remove,
And seek to find her in the Realms above.

THE
PARTING.

I.

THE time is come that I must leave my Dear,
My dear *Palmyra*, Ease of all my Care,
My Life's Delight, the Star by which I Steer.

II.

The only Blessing that I here enjoy,
The only Sight that's pleasing to my Eye,
My only Object of Felicity.

III.

But Business calls, and I must bid adieu ;
Farewell my Love, farewell all Pleasure too,
I Part with Heaven when I part with You.

THE
CAPTIVE.

I.

SINCE first I saw *Palmyra's* Face,
I have Her Captive been;
Such killing Eyes and comely Grace,
I ne're before had seen.

II.

At Sight of Her amaz'd I stood,
To see so wond'rous Fair
A Mortal here, who with a God
In Beauty might compare.

P

III. She

III.

She must be more than Humane sure,
For such a sparkling Eye,
And snowy Neck as Chrystal pure,
Wou'd suit a Deity.

IV.

Her lovely Form my Senses charm'd,
I had no Power to move,
And sure I am, a Nymph so arm'd,
Wou'd captivate a Jove.

V.

The longer I behold each Part,
The more I it admire;
Her pow'rful Looks have peirc'd my Heart,
And set my Soul on Fire.

VI.

I since that Hour no rest can take,
My Days so tedious are,
I long for Night, then lie awake,
And of all Rest despair.

VII.

There's nothing here can grant Relief,
There is no Remedy;
'Tis she alone can cure my Grief,
And ease me of my Misery.

TO
PALMYRA,
Putting Her MASK on.

I.

SO have I seen the splendid Sun
Withdraw its glorious Light,
And in an Instant to put on
The Sable Cloud of Night.

II.

But tho' that immense Fund is hid,
Yet doth its Rays inspire
The lesser Lights, which we do view,
And for his Sake admire.

III.

So when *Palmyra* hides her Face,
 Yet doth there still appear,
 In all her Parts, the self same Grace,
 Altho' it's not so clear.

A N

A N S W E R

To some *VERSES* in Praise
 of the *AUTHOR*.

*W*aller less Honour *Sacharissa* gave,
 Than what I now do from your Lines
 receive;

He had a Subject to employ his Lays,
 Whose Charms exceeded his exalted Praise;

e

But

But where small Merit dwells, your skilful Art
Increase bestows, and multiplies Desert ;
You *Waller* have, in his own Art, excell'd,
He Merit shew'd when clear, you when conceal'd.

T O
A Young L A D Y

Going into the

Bellow-Jaundice.

I.

CRuel Distemper, thus to seize
Upon a Nymph so fair ;
Thou base, thou barbarous Disease,
Why dost thou harbour there ?

II.

Why dost thou seek thus to destroy
What all Mankind admire ?
And if her beauteous Charms shou'd die,
The World wou'd soon expire.

III.

But tho' thou use thy utmost Spite,
And her Complection shroud,
Yet still her Charms will shew their Light,
Like *Phæbus*, thro' a Cloud.

ON
RECEIVING
A
SMILE.

THanks, dear *Palmyra*, for that Smile,
That great Reward for all my Toil.
For Trouble past, so much you've paid,
That I am now your Debtor made:
A Debt I owe, too great for me,
I always must a Bankrupt be.
The Kindness which on me you lay,
I ne'er, *Palmyra*, can repay.
I gladly wou'd *Palmyra* serve,
And never from my Duty swerve.

And all I'd ask for what I'd done;
Is, that I might not have a Frown.
I from your Smile new Life receive;
But, if you frown, my Death you give.

t

T O

T O

P A L M Y R A.

TOw'rds you, *Palmyra*, all my Wishes tend,
It is on you that all my Hopes depend.

I have no Pleasure, but to please my Dear;
And whilst she smiles, there is no Ill I fear;
That's a Defence against the greatest Woe,
'Twill make me happy, and preserve me so.
All Honour, Riches, are but empty Things,
Compar'd to th' many Joys *Palmyra* brings.
'Tis in her Power alone to make me blest;
There's nothing wanting when of her possess.
She guides my Fortune, and controuls my Fate,
Can give a happy or unhappy State.

h

I flourish

I flourish under her auspicious Ray,
And must, whenever it's withdrawn, decay.
To lose the Charms of her enlivening Light,
Wou'd put a Period to all Delight.

But my *Palmyra* is as kind as fair,
She knows my Happiness depends on her ;
She knows, if she her Love from me withdraws,
That Death must follow, and her self's the Cause.
But she's good, she says she won't destroy,
And whilst she bids *Lysander* live, he cannot die.

TO
PALMYRA,
Having Her MASK on.

I.

MY Dear, that dark Obstruction move,
And shew thy Angel's Face.
Your Charms are Bright like those above,
You've ev'ry moving Grace.

II.

Then why will you thus strive to hide
What we shou'd all adore;
To frame that Form, was Nature's Pride,
Sh' has shewn her utmost Power.

t

D

III. And

III.

And why will you then thus abuse
Kind Nature's good Intent,
You wrong her, if you do not use
What to be us'd she meant.

IV.

You see my Love, the glorious Sun,
Alike on all does shine.
He sparing is of Light to none,
Then, why art thou of thine?

V.

Though o'er your Face you cast a Shade,
And rob us of that Light:
Your Eyes by it are brighter made,
They shine like Stars in Night.

Their

VI.

Their Beams they Dart thro' that dark Cloud,
Which Swift like Lightning flies :
And 'tis more fatal too allow'd,
For he who sees it dies.

A

P O E M

PREFERRING

Wit and Beauty before Wealth.

GO, fordid Blockhead, I shall ne'er admit,
That drossy Gold may vie with sprightly
Wit:

Or, that a heap of ill-got Wealth can give
Such solid Joys as do in Beauty live.

'Tis Wit and Beauty, that alone can grant
Those sweet Delights which other Blessings want.
Had I but these, I ne'er wou'd covet more,
'Tis Wit and Beauty I alone adore.

Beauty, the loveliest Object of the Eye;
This, next to Wit, wou'd all my Wants supply.

Beauty

Beauty, that justly is by most Men priz'd;
All that is lovely here we find compriz'd,
This, join'd with Wit, is Heaven epitomiz'd.
So large and many are the Joys they bring,
Had I but these, I shou'd have ev'ry thing
That good or pleasant is; these don't, like Gold,
Decrease with Use, but last while Life does hold.

How blind is he that is by Av'rice led,
And will a Woman for her Riches wed;
He hugs the Bags, does always hate the Wife,
'Tis Money only that he loves as Life;
He flies to that which will small Comfort give,
Abhors his Home, and does in Riot live.
His Stock begins to fall, his Money goes,
Which he perceives, and is o'erwhelm'd with Woes,
By fixing all his Hope on that vain thing,
Which always is on the continual Wing;
Tho' large his Heap, each Mite he takes away
Does make it less; but Wit does ne'er decay.

Wit,

Wit, like the finest Brass, by Use grows bright,
The more it gives, does still the more delight;
And Beauty too, we can't too much adore,
May feed our Fancy, and not waste our Store.
I seek these Joys, which last when Wealth is gone,
And shall have Pleasure when the sordid Wretch
has none.

To

TO
P A L M Y R A,
On Pulling off Her MASK
slowly.

SO when bright *Sol* has all Night laid,
And o'er this World has cast a Shade,
He does not all at once appear,
But gently, by Degrees, does clear ;
Shou'd he at once let go his Light,
With Lustre we shou'd lose our Sight.

TO
DORINDA.

I Strive to gain my dear *Dorinda's* Love,
Yet all m' Attempts do unsuccessful prove;

I say, 'Tis Time that she had chose a Mate;

But she replies, *She will not change her State:*

She says, 'Tis best, and likes to lie alone,

And not be subject unto any one.

But, my *Dorinda*, you mistake the Thing,

Marriage, no Woman does to Slav'ry bring;

'Tis the Reverse; for then you're free'd from Care,

Your Husband then must all the Trouble bear;

He must be diligent, and will provide

For the maintaining of his tender Bride.

Besides,

Besides, it is against the Laws of God,
And quite destructive to the Publick Good.
Shou'd ev'ry one of your Opinion be,
The World wou'd end for Want of Progeny.

E

THE

THE False Friend.

THE young *Pamphillus*, once a happy Swain,
But now the most forlorn of all the Plain,
Corinna lov'd, nor did he love in vain.

The charming Nymph smil'd on the am'rous Boy,
Receiv'd his Love, nor did her own deny ;
She never frown'd, she never angry were,
Nor caus'd her Lover any dull Despair :
As her bright Charms all other Nymphs outdo,
So in good Nature she excels them too.

He, for some time, all he cou'd wish, enjoy'd,
Till Indiscretion all his Blifs destroy'd ;
He now does blame himself for his hard Fate,
And sees his Folly when it is too late.

He

He had a Friend, in whom he much did trust,
 And never thought he wou'd have prov'd unjust;
 He, as his Friend, did all his Blessings share,
 And nought deny'd him, was it ne'er so dear.
 But yet, alas, he did ungrateful prove,
 And gave him Ruin, in Return for Love.
 The Swain took *Strephon* (so his Friend was nam'd)
 To see the Beauty that his Heart inflam'd :
 (But now he does that fatal Deed repent,
 The only Cause of all his Discontent.)
 No sooner *Strephon* to *Corinna* came,
 But found her Charms in him had caus'd a Flame;
 And now he strives to win the lovely Dame.
 He now forgets the Deeds done by his Friend,
 And's only mindful of his own self-end.
 He treats *Pamphillus* as his Rival now,
 And won't so much as one kind Word allow ;

Proclaims his Follies, to conceal his own;
 A base Reward for all his Kindness done :
 If he'll not praise, Dispraise he sure shou'd shun.

The fickle Woman now begins to leave
 Her former Love, and to the new one cleave.
 Oh! how hard Fate me closely does pursue?
 At once I've lost a Friend and Lover too.

Since there's no way to ease my troubled Mind,
 Let my false Mistress be to my false Friend resign'd;
 For false with false should be together join'd.

If e'er I wed, it shall a Woman be
 That will be true to me, and only me.
 She that from one will to another cleave,
 Will for another soon that other leave.

A B S E N C E

Not to be Endured.

Dear'est *Palmyra*, when from you I part,
Tho' it seems strange, yet still with me
thou art.

Tho' I shou'd quit the Place wherein you be,
Yet, still my Dear wou'd bear me Company.
The vulgar Lovers say, they leave their Love,
If they a while do from her Sight remove.
They sigh and die till she returns again;
The sov'reign Balm that heals their killing Pain.

My Loves so great, I Absence can't endure;
A Moment's Absence wou'd my Death procure.

A nobler

A nobler Fire my lofty Mind controuls,
Not to be fatisfy'd like meaner Souls.

I bear her with me wheresoe'er I go,
I view her Image, and embrace it too.

To feldom fee her wou'd not fatisfy ;
She must be always present, or I die.

A D-

A D V I C E

To a Young Lady concerning

M A R R I A G E.

I N Beauty, *Madam*, you your Sex excel,
And shou'd take care that You bestow it well.
For tho' you are with heavenly Gifts endow'd,
They all are blasted, if they're ill bestow'd.
The greatest Blessings thus may be abus'd,
And turn'd to hurt if they're not rightly us'd.
But in You, *Madam*, we together find
A beaut'ous Face join'd with a beaut'ous Mind.
You ne'er discours'd with any Mortal yet,
But will allow you have a lively Wit.

And

And those who've seen your Form, do all declare,
Your Charms are equal to what Angels are.
You've ev'ry Grace, you're ev'ry way compleat,
The most becoming, and the most discreet.

I hope you'll pardon, tho' I shou'd presume
To give Advice where there is need of none.
I know, *Miranda*, you'll my Crime forgive,
And this small Tribute of my Love receive,
I own your Charms are so divinely fair,
And I so mean, I always must despair.
And since you, *Madam*, are too good for me,
To merit you, I'll shew what I shou'd be.
How bright, *Miranda*, may a Husband choose.
Shall be my Subject, and employ my Muse.

Marriage is a Rite, shou'd be perform'd by all
Ordain'd to Man from his Original.

And blest are they, they're blest like those above,
Who're join'd together by a mutual Love.

This seldom happens in this Age of ours,
The Love of Wealth now all true Love o'erpowers:
There's few that burn but with a sordid Fire;
'Tis Gold they seek, and only Gold admire.
These are the Men you most of all shou'd shun,
For heedless Youth by these are oft undone.
How often do we see bright Beauty's Charms
Lie unregarded in a Miser's Arms?
On sordid Wealth they all their 'Thoughts employ;
They have no Room for any other Joy:
'Tis that they wanted, they ne'er mind the rest,
But think the Giver an unwelcome Guest:

Since you do largely Fortune's Bounty share,
Of these base Men you ought to have a Care;
They're such Dissemblers, 'twill be hard to know,
Whether their Love is for your Gold or You.
If close you watch them, by some Means you'll find,
Whether their Hearts are to the Wealth inclin'd.

Two Sorts there are that will for Money wed,
The sneaking Miser, and the spend-thrift Blade;
The one, perhaps, may have much Wealth in Store,
Yet's not contented but desireth more :
The other, by his wild Extravagance,
Is forc'd to harbour for Redress from thence ;
For his Profuseness does dire Ill portend,
If not reliev'd, will find a wretched End.

The Man that is most worthy of your Love,
Is he that does with Moderation move ;
Who all his Actions does discreetly steer,
Knows well to spend, and knows as well to spare.
Whoe'er you choose, see he's a Man of Sense,
For great Advantages arise from thence :
He'll rightly know your beaut'ous Charms to
prize,
What Wealth he wants, his richer Wit supplies.
Be sure, *Miranda*, that you ne'er admit
Of the Addresses of a shallow Wit,

A silly Blockhead, with an empty Skull,
A uselefs Tool, altho' his Pocket's full.
If you with fuch a fenfelefs Fop do join,
You'll be no more esteem'd than Pearls by Swine;
But with a Man of Senfe much Joy you'll share,
He knows to value what he knows fo rare,
It will be better if your Care procures
One of this Sort, whose Income equals yours.
If you can't find one with like Store of Pence,
Rather abate the Money than the Senfe.
You will do well, if you obferve this Rule,
Chaoſe a wiſe Man, tho' poor, before a wealthy Fool.

H I S
F A T E.

IN you, *Palmyra*, all my Pleasures dwell,
'Tis in your Pow'r to give me Heav'n or Hell,
For sure there can no greater Heaven be,
No larger Bliss than to be blest with thee.
Whilst in my Arms I clasp my charming Prize,
My Soul transported is to Paradise.
The Joys I feel, to such a Sum amount,
They are too infinite for Man to count.
Cou'd all the Gods sum up my Happiness,
They d Envy me; for their Enjoyment's less.
I more Enjoyment from a Smile receive,
Than all the Blessings that the Gods can give.

My

My Love her self sure is some Deiry,
She with a Look can save, or can destroy.
Her Smile wou'd save me from the greatest Ill;
But one cross Frown wou'd shew the Way to
Hell.

TO

T O

P A L M Y R A.

YOU say, *Palmyra*, that you wonder why
I always write to you in Poetry.

'Tis no strange thing ; for 'tis a common Rule,
Love makes him Rhime, who was before a Fool,
It is a Road we Lovers can't avoid ;
As soon as smitten is our Muse employ'd.
In melting Lines we strive to shew our Love,
And use all means the Charmer's Heart to move.

'Twas your bright Eyes first rais'd an am'rous
Fire

Within my Breast, first did my Muse inspire.
I shou'd ungrateful be, did I not give
The same to you, that I from you receive.

And

And if *Palmyra* does my Lines approve,
The World shall soon be Witness of my Love.
Thro' ev'ry City, and o're ev'ry Plain,
To ev'ry Nation I'd this Truth proclaim;
She is the brightest Nymph, and I the happiest
Swain.

F I N I S.

А. Я. Т. М. Л. К. 7

And if I know you does my Lines approve
 The World shall be the Witness of my Love
 Thro' every City, and every Plain
 To every Nation, I this Truth proclaim;
 She is the brightest Gem, and I the happy
 Crown.



BELPHEGOR

OR, THE

Marriage of the Devil.

A

Burlesque POEM.

B E L P H E G O R

OR THE

Marriage of the Devil

A

P O E M



BELPHEGOR:

OR THE

Marriage of the Devil.

A

Burlesque POEM.

*Si tibi Simplicitas uxoribus, deditus uni
Est animus, submitte caput cervice parata.
Ferre jugum, nullum invenis quæ parcat amanti
Ardeat ipse licet, tormentis gaudet amentis.
Et Spoliis, igitur longe minus utilis illi
Uxor, quisquis erit bonus optandusque Maritus.*

Juv. Sat. VI.

Thus Translated by Mr. Dryden.

If thou art thus uxoriously inclin'd,
To bear thy Bondage with a willing Mind.
Prepare thy Neck, and put it in the Yoke,
But for no Mercy from thy Woman look.
For tho' perhaps, she loves with equal Fires,
To absolute Dominion she aspires:
Joys in the Spoils, and Triumphs o'er thy Purse,
The better Husband makes the Wife the worse.

L O N D O N:

Printed for A. Dodd, at the Peacock without
Temple-Bar 1714.

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BELPHEGOR:

OR, THE

MARRIAGE

OF THE

DEVIL.

THE Chronicles of *Florence* tell,
Says Famous *Nich'las Machi'vel*;
There liv'd a Man, Devout and Sage,
Esteem'd the Wonder of the Age.
It so fell out, that on a Day,
As in a Trance, this Good Man lay.

6 *The Marriage of the Devil.*

It seem'd to him that all the Souls
Of Marry'd Men, that pass'd in Streets
To *Pluto's* Court; still ev'ry where
Their Wives, they'd cry, had sent them there.

When *Pluto* heard of the Report,
He Issued Writs, and call'd his Court.
For fully bent he was to know,
Whether what they said was true.
The Matter being on Importance,
The Peers came to his Assistance.
They all Assembled in a Minute,
And ne'er was known so full a Senate.
Scarce sooner were the Nobles met,
And each in his proper Order set;
When *Pluto* told the Reason why,
He had desired their Company.

Belov'd, (said he) w' have call'd you here,
T' advise about a Grand Affair.
Desire you'll give us your Opinion,
On what Dishonours our Dominion;
The Marry'd Men who come so fast,
The Cause upon their Wives they cast;
They drove 'em posting to our Nation.
'Twas they, they cry, caus'd their Damnation.

The Marriage of the Devil. 7.

To us it seems not to be so,
The Truth of which is what we'd know;
Now since we've let you understand,
The Matter you're to take in Hand.
We beg you'd Expeditious be,
And on some proper Means agree;
That we may find the Matter out,
And be no longer left in doubt.

They all arose and with applause,
Confess'd the Importance of the Cause;
Gave their Opinions on the Matter,
The Dukes spoke first, the Earls and Barons a'ter.
Some said they thought it necessary,
To send one in their World to tarry,
And if occasion call'd to Marry.

That he might by Experience find
The Truth, and then relate his Mind;
Some said they thought one not enough,
A number wou'd bring better Proof;
But others held both ways were vain,
Put 'em to th' wrack they'll change their Strain;
How'ere at last they all consent,
A single Person shou'd be sent,
Yet ev'ry one there gave Denial,
Nor did they care to make the Trial,

8 *The Marriage of the Devil.*

And when they found none could be got,
The choice they said shou'd be by Lot:
This being agreed, the Lots they threw,
Which fell on *Belphegor* to go.

Nor certainly cou'd it have fell
On any one more fit in Hell;
For *Belphegor* had all his Arts,
And was esteem'd a Dev'l of Parts;
And tho' 'twas so ordain'd, yet he
Wou'd fain be quit of's Embassie;
But finding no way to get free,
Submits *himself* to the Decree.
That he shou'd have Ten Thousand Ducats,
Of ready Cash put in his Pockets;
Shou'd change his Shape to that of Human,
And take unto himself a Woman,
Who was to be his wedded Wife,
And with her live a Marry'd Life.
Ten Years (if possible) and then
He might return to them again.
And thereupon his Oath declare,
The Joys and Plagues the Married Share.

His Equipage he now prepares,
And towards the Upper World he Steers.

At *Florence* he resolv'd to live,
 Where 'twas not long e're he arriv'd.
 And there a Sumptuous House he takes,
 And now a mighty Figure makes.
 A handsome Person he appears,
 About the Age of Thirty Years.
 He gave it out, from *Spain* he came,
 And that Don *Rod'rick* was his Name.
 To't *Italy* he did prefer,
 And was resolv'd to settle there,
 Don *Roderick* liv'd very Great,
 As Master of a vast Estate.
 And by his lib'ral Acts he show'd,
 That what he had was well bestow'd.
 And soon in highest Favour grew
 Among the Great and Vulgar too.

It was not long e're it appears,
 He'd fall'n in Love o're Head and Ears;
 With one who'd Beauty more than Mony,
 And ventures into Matrimony.

*Honest*a was the Name o'th' Fair,
 Who'd drawn our Don into the Snare.
 Of Noble Family she came;
 A Beauteous, but a haughty Dame.

10 *The Marriage of the Don.*

And now begins to live as high,
As any o'th' Nobility.

Don Rod'rick more enamour'd grew
And never was so blest as now.

His whole delight, and only care,
Was how to please his charming Fair.

Still fiercer as the Don does burn,
She makes his Passion serve her turn.

And having found she'd gain'd his Soul,
She now usurps the Power to rule.

If he deny'd what she'd demand,
She gave him soon to understand;

That her Tongue as loud cou'd be,
As any of her Quality.

You needs must think; the Don all this,
Cou'd not else chuse but take amiss.

And 'twas not long e're it did prove
A mighty cooler to his Love.

Don Roderick protests and swears,
Her insolence to him appears,

Much greater far then *Lucifer's*.
The Don's at vast expence to please her,

Ten Thousand Whimfies daily seize her,
A Foppish Puppet he must be,

To please the Woman's Vanity.

The Marriage of the Devil.

His Cloaths tho' Rich, they will not do,
For he must ev'ry Week have new.
He now like condescending Spouse,
Submits thus to be led by th' Nose.
Does all that may procure his Peace,
And with his Consort live at ease.
Her Pride's not all for he beside,
For Kindred too must now provide.
Her Sisters Portions he must pay,
And put her Brothers in a Way.

Don Rod'rick to pursue my Story,
Submits and pays the Sisters Dowry.
With Ships the Brothers he supplies,
And freighted them with Merchandize,
These were Plagues enow you'll swear,
And more than any Dev'l could bear,
But Roderick yet suffer'd more,
*Honest*a still increas'd the Store.
In sumptuous feasting and in show,
Now he must all the rest out do;
Three Days together for his Spouse,
A Servant could not keep in's House.
Till all the Devils that came with th' Don,
Return'd and left him now alone;

12 *The Marriage of the Don*

Protest 'twas possible for no Man,
To bear so super-devilish a Woman.

Don Roderick perceives his Pence,
Exhausted by'r Extravagance.

And all that now his hopes afford,
Is the return of Ships abroad.

He borrows then a handsome Sum,
Which he'll repay when they come Home.

His Stock b'ing now brought very low,
His Credit 'gins to fail him too.

The Don goes down the Wind apace,
And while he's in this desp'rate Case,

Receives the News of a Mischance,
That blasted all his hopes at once;

His Brother-in-Law was cast away,
Himself and all were Lost i'the Sea;

The other too, by Gaming lost
The Goods and Money he'd in Trust.

When to his Creditors 'twas known,
What Fortune had beset the Don.

They all conclude it wou'd be best,
To lay him in a Prison fast.

There to remain until he does
Repay to them the Debt he owes.

Poor *Roderick* while they consult,
 Not stays to know of the Result.
 But mounts his Horse, and rides away,
 Till he arriv'd at *Per'tola*,
 When's Cred'tors understood the Matter,
 They hired Steeds and posted a'ter.
 Don *Roderick* his Horse lets loose,
 And over Hedge and Ditch he goes,
 Till he espied a lonely House.
 This House was own'd by *Jean Mateo*,
 A plain and honest Country Fellow.
 The Don t'accoft him thus began,
 Good Friend as I'm a Gentleman.
 If you'll assist me to get from
 The Catchpoles, who will hither come.
 I've an Invention in my Pate,
 By which b'assur'd you'll soon grow Great,
 If I perform not what I say,
 Then after let me be their Prey.
 But *Mateo* first reflects upon,
 The Case consults what's to be done,
 Then straight resolves to hide the Don.
 The Creditors they soon appear,
 And ask if such a one came there.
 The Countryman seems Ignorant,
 Protests he knows not what they want.

They

14 The Marriage of the Devil

They then began to huff and swear,
And vow'd that he had hid him there,
But soon leave further to pursue,
Give him for lost and Money too.
So Home they all return again,
And have their Labour for their Pain.

No sooner were the Searchers gone,
But *Mateo* straight releas'd the Don.
Conjures him to perform his vow,
And what he'd promis'd that to do.
In that Don *Roderick* was Civil,
And never was more grateful Devil.
He freely own'd the Obligation,
Ofs Hist'ry gave him the Narration.
And that he might the more convince,
Told him which way he'd make him Prince.
Know then said he————

When any Lady is possest here,
'Tis only I that shall molest her.
And be assur'd that there I'll be,
Until you come to set me free.
You for the Cure with Ease may get,
As large a Sum as you think fit.
There after pass'd a Word or Two,
And then the Don bid him Adieu.

The Marriage of the Devil. 15

It was not long when he was gone,
E'er a Report inform'd the Clown.

A Lady was possess'd with Devil,
Then strait he thies to cure the Evil
All Remedies were try'd in vain,
To ease the Lady of her Pain.

To her St. *Zanobe's* Head they took,
And after that St. *Galbert's* Cloak;
But yet all these availed nought,
The Devil laugh'd when they were brought.

Don Roderick, to shew his Wit,
And that it was no fancy'd Fit;
Talk'd *Latin*, such ne'er *Tully* writ.
Did in Philosophy dispute,
So learn'd, as none cou'd him confute.

And several Secrets he made known,
Of Persons present in the Room;
A Holy Father did disgrace,
And spoke it too before his Face.
As if he kept a pretty Girl,
In a Monk's Habit, in his Cell.

The Lady's Father, full of Fear,
Began now almost to despair,
But *Mateo* soon arrived there.

Who undertakes to cure the Ill,
If he'll disburse a handsome Spill.

16 The Marriage of Don Rod'rick

Demands, t' expel the Malady,
Five Hundred Florins for his Fee.
Our *Mateo* was an honest Fellow,
And would have don't without the Yellow;
But since his Pockets they were low,
He'd been to Blame, had he done so.
The Father readily complies,
To pay the Sum, he not denies;
If he did what he did propose.
Shou'd have it paid before he goes.

That the Thing might difficult seem,
And gain the better their Esteem;
Mateo does, in a Formal Way,
Pretend to drive the Devil away.
With Ceremonies made adoe,
And read o'er several Masses too.
Then t'wards the Lady he drew near,
And call'd *Don Roderick* in her Ear.
Content (says *Rod'rick*) and to show,
That I'll deal honourably by you;
Of it I'll give you further Proof,
Since yet thou art not rich enough.
When I depart from hence, then a'ter,
I'll go to th' King of *Naple's* Daughter;

And

And there, ne'er fear, I will stick close,
Until you come to set me loose;
Then you may have what you require,
And grow as rich as you desire;
But after that, do you be sure,
Then never to come near me more.
As soon as he'd gave this Advice,
Whipt from the Lady in a Trice.
Thus *Mateo's* Miracle was done,
To th' Joy and Wonder of the Town.

Some few Days after it appear'd,
Don Roderick had kept his Word.
The King of *Naples'* Daughter was,
Just in such another Case;
All Ways that they could think, they try'd,
And Prayers, and Physick, too apply'd.
Physick and Prayers were both in vain,
For he'd not stir till *Mateo* came.

As soon as to the King 'twas known,
What Wonders were in *Florence* done.
Without Delay sent to procure
Mateo, who comes to work the Cure.

18 *The Marriage of the Devil.*

And when the Ceremony's o'er,
For he begun as h' did before.
The better to conceal the Matter,
Immediately he cures his Daughter.
But 'fore the Devil took his Leave,
To *Mateo* this Advice he gave,
I now have gave sufficient Proof,
And think that you are rich enough.
So be content, and seek no more,
But quietly enjoy your Store;
As I've done like an honest Man,
Appear near me no more again,
Least I d' you all the Harm I can.

Mateo now returns to *Florence*,
And lives as great as any Prince.
The King, he had well lin'd his Pockets,
Gave him above Ten Thousand Ducats;
And for a while lives at his Ease,
Thinks what he'd got, t' enjoy in Peace.
But 'twas not long e'er he did hear
Something, which made him quake for fear;
The King of *France's* Daughter now,
Was possesst with Devil too.

Mateo now reflects upon
Th' Advice he had had from the *Don*;
If him, the King, commands away,
He knows he dares not disobey.
The King t' him sends immediately,
To cure the Princess Malady.
But *Mateo* ventures to refuse,
Desires the King would him excuse,
He's Ill, and cannot possibly,
Attend upon his Majesty.
The King would not be thus deny'd,
To th' Magistrates he next apply'd.
His Word they durst not disobey,
But *Mateo* strait was sent away.
Against his Will he now arrives,
And what most Affliction gives;
He knows 'twas in his Power no more,
To do as he had done before.
He goes to th' King, and tells him plain,
He fears his Labour'll be in vain.
For tho' such Miracles he'd done,
He cou'd not do't on ev'ry one.

20 *The Marriage of the Devil.*

Some Devils are so resolute,
'Tis impossible to drive 'em out.
To do his best he would not fail,
But if his Art should not prevail,
He hop'd he'd take it not amiss,
Nor impute't to any Fault of his.
At this the King enrag'd, and swore
He should not live another Hour,
If he did not perform the same,
As he had done from whence he came.
This dreadful Sentence being past,
He does expect he's near his last.
Where th' Princess was, he then was took,
And Orders had to fall to Work.
Poor *Mateo* now b'ing full of Fear,
Does gently steal unto her Ear.
In humble and in Terms most Civil,
He now begins to accost the Devil.
He puts it in the Mind o'th' Don,
Of's former kindness he had done.
How he had sav'd him from the Claw,
And desp'rate Talons of the Law.
And after all he told him too,
If he resolv'd to leave him now ;

While

While he was in that desp'rate Case,
The World wou'd say that he was base ;
And that he did ungrateful prove,
To one who shew'd him so much Love.

But *Rod'rick* no Regard had gave
To what he said, he huff'd, and rav'd,
He bounc'd and swore, and seem'd to be
A Devil in Reality.

Is it not I from humble State,
Advanc'd you to be very Great?
Where I am, how durst you presume,
Without my Order there to come?
But this unto your Sorrow know,
I'll see you hang'd before I go.

Mateo does now begin to try,
To find some other Remedy.
He leaves the Princess, and the *Don*
Relates to th' King what he'd have done.
Says he, since all the Ways we've try'd
As yet, have fruitless prov'd, and void;
So far have to remove the Devil,
They only seem t' encrease the Evil.

22 *The Marriage of the Devil.*

I've still a Project in my Head,
Which if in Case it don't succeed,
I'll then submit t' your Majesty,
To do as you think good with me.
In the mean Time we must prepare,
A Fine and Spacious Theatre;
I' th' middle have an Altar fix'd,
And ready all by *Sunday* next;
Present your Majesty must be,
And all of the Nobility;
And after the Grand Mass is o'er,
Let th' Princess come, but not before;
And requisite it does appear,
T' have several Sorts of Musick near,
Who must make all the Noise they can,
As soon as I shall give the Sign.
With that, and something I've to say,
I hope to drive the Devil away.
All Things being got to his Content,
The King, and Nobles, thither went.
The Princess now she does appear,
Attended by Two Bishops there.
Don Roderick was in Amaze,
And over all th' Assembly gaz'd;

He

The Marriage of the Devil. 27

He wonders what they're going to do,
He ne'er beheld so fine a Show.
All this, said he, I value not,
The Peasant still shall go to Pot.
The Princess *Mateo* now comes to,
Desires him civilly to go.
The *Don*, all in a Rage, harangued,
And swore that he wou'd have him hang'd.
Still *Mateo* his Request repeats,
But with no other Answer meets.
Then on a sudden gives the Sign,
For all the Musick to begin.
The Drums, the Trumpets, all appear,
Now entering into th^e Theatre.

Don Roderick was in Surprise,
Ask'd him the Meaning of the Noise;
And *Mateo* too seems in a Fright,
Address himself thus to the Spright;
Alas! says he, your Wife draws near,
*Honest*a's come to seek you here.
He said no more, and it was strange,
How at these Words the Devil did change.

He

He trembled, nor would stay to know
Whether what he said was true;
But to return to Hell he chose;
Rather than return to's Spouse.
There Audience he did demand,
And gave 'em all to understand
The Souls o'th' Men i'th' right
It was their Wives that sent them there.

Thus *Mateo* did perform the Cure,
And ne'er heard of the Devil more.



F I N I S.
